SEEN IN THE WORLD OF ART

EXAMPLES OF PABLO PICASSO'S WORK SHOWN HERE.

A Disciple of Matisse Who Has Surpassed Him in Hardihood—Paintings Exhibited by The Ten—This Year's Show of "Independents" and Last Year's.

Ten years ago Pablo Picasso arrived in Paris, having an excellent equipment with which to conquer the world artistic. He was a superior draughtsman, a born colorist, a passionate harmonist; he incarnated in his production the temperament of his Iberian race. Mr. Stieglitz will show at the galleries of the Photo-Secession a few drawings of that period; they are supple, alert, savant, above all charged with vitality. Then the spirit of Henri Matisse moved across the waters of his imagination, as did that of Debussy in the misty, wild regions of Ravel and Dukas. To-day Picasso has surpassed his master in hardihood, as Matisse left lagging both Gauguin and Cézanne, St. Paul the Minor and St. Paul the Major, in the rear. At the present he is exhibiting in the Galerie Volard, Paris, and critical commentary makes one gasp; he is either a satyr or a Hyperion; there is no middle point in the chorus of execration and exaltation. We believe this is wrong and makes for critical confusion.

In his recent illuminating address Mr. W. C. Brownell remarked that "every important piece of literature, as every important work of plastic art, is the expression of a personality, and it is not the material of it but the mind behind it that invites critical interpretation." Precisely so, though we do not believe that either to the reason or to the imagination of this distinguished critic the pioneer Picasso would make much of an appeal. And even this opinion we put forth diffidently, remembering that when the name of Rodin was still anathema Mr. Brownell had written almost a book about the sculptor. Picasso is miles away from Rodin, yet he is striving for a new method of expression, one that will show us his new vision of the powers and principalities of the earth. (At present Satan is chanting the chief rôle in his composition.) It's anarchic, certainly; that's why we tolerate it despite its appalling ugliness; anything is better than the parrotlike repetitions of the academic.

What is meant by the new "vision"? Why shouldn't the vision that pleased our great-grandfather content his great-grandchildren? You must go to Stendhal for an answer. Because each generation, whether for better or worse, sees the world anew, or thinks it does; at least it is "different" in the Stendhalian sense. For a keener definition let us quote D. S. MacColl. "This new vision that has been growing up among the landscape painters simplifies as well as complicates the old. For purposes of analysis it sees the world as a mosaic of patches of color, such and such a hue of such and such a tone of such and such a shape. The old vision had beaten out three separate acts, the determination of the edges and limits of things, the shading and modelling of the spaces in between with black and white, and the tinting of those spaces with their local color. The new analysis looked first for color and for a different color in each patch of shade or light. The old painting followed the old vision by its three processes of drawing the contours, modelling the chiaroscuro in dead color, and finally coloring this white and black preparation. The new analysis left the contours to be determined by the junction, more or less fused, of the color patches, instead of rigidly defining them as they are known to be defined when seen near at hand or felt. Its precepts were to recover the innocence of the eye, to forget the thing as an object with its shapes and colors as they are known to exist under other aspects, to follow the fact of vision, however surprising, recognize that contours are lost and found, that local color in light and shade becomes different not only in tone but also in hue. And painting tended to follow this new vision by substituting one process for three; the painter matched the hue and tone at once of each patch, and shaped a patch on the canvas of the corresponding shape, ceasing to think in lines except as the boundaries by which these patches limit one another." Elsewhere MacColl also asserts that the true history of man would be the history of his imagination. It would prove, we think, a more stupendous undertaking than Lord Acton's projected history of ideas.

For over a quarter of a century the impressionists did cease to think in lines and modelled in patches, but curiously enough the return to the academic, so called, was led by the least academic of painters, Paul Cézanne. Strictly speaking he was not a genius, though a far better painter than his misguided follower (Cézanne's own words) Gauguin, who, despite his strong decorative talent, never learned how to handle paints as a master. Cézanne was for returning to the much neglected form. "Don't make Chinese images like Gauguin," he cried; "all nature must be modelled after the sphere, cone and cylinder. As for the colors, the more the colors harmonize the more the design becomes precise." Cézanne is the father of the post-impressionists, and it is a mistake to suppose that they are impressionists with the "new vision" so clearly described above by MacCall. They have gone on and consider the division of tones men, Monet included, as old fashioned as Gérôme and Bouguereau. And as extremes meet the contemporary crowd are primitives, who have a word of praise for Ingres but a hatred of Delacroix. They also loathe Courbet and call the first impressionism mere materialism. Manet is "old hat." To spiritualize or make more emotional the line, to be personal and not the follower of formulas—Ah, mirage of each succeeding artistic generation!—are the main ideas of this school, which abhors the classic, romantic, impressionistic schools. It has one painter of great distinction, Henri Matisse; from him a mob of disciples have emanated. Among the Americans are Weber, Maurer, Marsden Hartley, John Marin and others.

Picasso is also one, but a disciple who has thrown off the influence of the master. He goes his own way, which is the geometrical way. He sees the world and mankind in cubes or pyramids. His ideal form is pyramidal. There is on view at the Photo-Secession Gallery the back of a giantess corseted. Her torso is powerfully modelled; no dim hint of indecison here. The lines are pyramidal. Tremendous power is in them. Obsessed by the Egyptians, Picasso has deserted his earlier linear suavity for a hieratic rigidity, which nevertheless does not altogether cut off emotional expressiveness. There are attitudes and gestures that register profound feeling, grotesque as may be the outer envelope. He gives his emotion in studying a figure. And remember this is a trained artist who has at one time the entire literature of a lifetime's study to follow his beckoning star. To set it all down to a desire to stir up philistia would be to classify Picasso as a madman, for there are easier routes to the blazing land of réclame than the particularly thorny and ugly one he has chosen. There is method in his wildest performances, method and at times achievement even to the uninitiated eye. His is not the cult of the ugly for the sake of ugliness, but the search after the expressive in the heart of ugliness. A new æsthetic? No, a very old one revivified, and perhaps because of its modern rebirth, all the uglier, and as yet a mere diabolic, not divine, stammering.

The best, or worst, of Picasso is not at this little exposition. Our objection to it and to others of its kind (though we are grateful to Mr. Steiglitz for his unselfish impresarioship in these affairs) is that such drawing and painting are only for a few artists. It is all very well to say that the public will learn later to appreciate; we doubt it. It either gasps or mocks; sympathy it seldom develops. To a vision like Picasso's the external of the human form is only a rind to be peeled away. At times he is an anatomist, not an analyst; the ugly asymmetry of the human body is pitilessly revealed, but as a rule he abstracts the shell and seeks to give shape and expression to his vision. Alas, nearly always do we shudder or else smile. Those inanimate blocks, kindergarten idols of wood and bronze, what do they mean? You dream of immemorial Asiatic monsters and also of the verses of Emile Verhaeren: "The desert of my soul is peopled with black gods, huge blocks of wood"; or of Baudelaire's spleen and ideal beauty: "Je hais le mouvement qui déplace les lignes; et jamais je ne pleure et jamais je ne ris." Benjamin De Casseres in his brilliant summary of the poetry of Leconte de Lisle shows us the genius of immobility, and his description would fit Gustave Moreau's picture as well: "When he walked he left abysses behind him. Where his eye fell objects relapsed into rigidity. There is no motion in his images. The universe is static, all things are turned marble. Motion is spent. * * * Silence, impassivity, sterility. France, in a few magical strokes the universe of living things, is caught in the sin of motion—vibration is seized flagrante delicto—and stiffened in its multicolored shrouds. The organic and inorganic worlds have stopped at high tide, turned to adamant as at the sudden vision of some stupendous revelation." Will Pablo Picasso restore form to its sovereignty in modern art?

His art is not so significant as Moreau's, yet with all its deformations, its simplifications, the breath of life does traverse the design; as for his color we must imagine what it was formerly, as Mark Twain's German musical public loyally recalled the long time dead voice of their favorite tenor. One Parisian critic accused Picasso of painting the portraits of anthropoid apes that had been inoculated by M. Metchnikoff. Gracious Apollo! Is this irony? To paint a counterfeit of a monkey, sick or otherwise, is sound art; certainly art of a more comprehensible character than the divigations now at the Photo-Secession. Remember, if you go there your gibes and jeers be upon your own head. We have only attempted to blaze the trail for you.

What havoc has been wrought by what Mr. MacColl calls the "camera vision" on our way of seeing will be appreciated on entering the gallery of the Society of Beaux Arts Architects. There is evidence there of more normal vision than at many an Academy show. Yes, this work of twelve men who call themselves or have been erroneously called the Independents. We are tempted to ask, "Independent of what?" did we not recall—gooseflesh on our backs—the exhibition of last season which bore the same title. At least this year's show is independent of a lot of half baked amateurs and immature studeras' stuff, though such first class men as Robert Henri, Ernest Lawson, Glackens, Sloan, Jerome Myers and a few others are absent. With politics in art we are little concerned; all politics as well as politicians belongs to the subterranean world, and politics in matters artistic wears a peculiarly sordid aspect. If you don't like the Academy then cry out with George Luks, "Hang the Academy! I don't need it!" Nor does any other good artist. But don't carry water on both shoulders and secretly seek the Academy while openly reviling its ways. After all, the Academy is a pretty good picture shop. A big fellow can get along without the Academy, and the Academy has as a rule managed to get along without the big fellows.

The first thing that occurs to you as you enter the gallery is, What vile lighting! We recall, not altogether in a mood free from petty malice, the rude comments made when Señor Sorolla y Bastida came to the Hispanic Museum. His success was at once set down to the ingenious artificial lighting of his pictures. One might have supposed from the current criticism, made by fellow artists, that Sorolla was a charlatan who colored photographic snapshots and called them "impressions," instead of being an impressionistic painter of the first rank with an enviable Continental reputation. To be sure, we better liked Ignacio Zuloaga, a liking that the general public did not share. When we visited the Hispanic Museum, usually during the morning hours, no lights were used, though in the afternoon they were. But only if the Independents had such an ingenious system as that employed by Mr. Huntington! The general impression aroused is of dull, muddy paint, blackest of shadows and a depressing absence of reverberating sunlight, such as you find at the exhibition of The Ten in the Montross Gallery. Yet there are many interesting if not very new pictures on view. The average of excellence is high. (Arthur B. Davies, who is so absolutely out of place as to be, artistically speaking, hors concours.) But the poor lighting smashes all values and ends by getting on your nerves.

Mr. Davies is always chivalric, but he belongs in his own class, which is uniquely Davies. A master draughtsman, he makes the feat of the black and white too minified for comparison. And this is not fair, as truthfully speaking the drawings are the best part of the exhibition. George B. Luks, good old Grandpa George, has fifteen canvases, none new except the "Glowing Bowl." His work is veritably ancient in company with so much paint slashing and individual drawing. But it is in line with the good old tradition which believed in humanity and a mellow style of interpretation. Luks is not one of the new Uebermenschen. He is a solid painter and a poet who loves the lowly, the simple of heart and also the humorous in life. But he is shockingly hung. The strong man among the younger generation (that knocks) is Rockwell Kent, and Kent is no stranger at academic functions. He is the only painter in the room save Davies and Maurer who sends shafts of sunshine through his canvases. Homer Boss grows, so Julius Golz; we admired the sketches of Guy Pene Du Bois, and his "Girl Sewing" is an ambitious effort full of atmosphere. A talented young man, this. Glenn Coleman is an illustrator who contrives to record in his drawings the irony and misery of the East Side poor. Faithful to his elaborate tapestry, Maurice Prendergast of Boston still woos and disconcerts the retina—but not the latter in his water colors, which are delicious. The name of John McPherson is new to us. Not novel to us, yet always welcome are the water colors of John Marin, evanescent notations of the real, informed with beauty, withal Japanese in feeling. Alfred Maurer, another facile painter, who left the primrose path for the stony road to Damascus, exhibits his flowers, poppies in bewildering coruscations and that superb evocation of a table and chair almost pulverized by sun rays. Marsden Hartley completes the list. If there is too much string and wood wind in the orchestra of The Ten, the brass and tympani preponderate at the concert of the independents. But they make stirring music, all the same.

ART GOSSIP.

Miss Evelyn B. Longman has nearly completed the Corbin memorial for Governors Island and it will be installed this spring. The large bronze tablet, backed by a marble slab, is to be placed in the wall of the vestibule of the building which has been named Corbin Hall and which was formerly the Officers Club, near the ancient Half Moon battery, at what was the lower end of the island before the filling in for the big parade ground.

The memorial is the gift of a group of friends of the late Lieut.-Gen. H. C. Corbin, including a number of officers of the army. It comprises his portrait in bronze and a quotation from one of his writings concerning army life.

Miss Longman has produced an excellent likeness of the General, expressive and characteristic, in the sound manner that marks her work. The whole, with a good deal of necessary detail, is restrained and dignified.

Gen. Corbin is pictured in three-quarter length, slightly over life size, seated and turned three-quarters toward the spectator. He is in uniform and holds his sword and gloves in one hand, his cap in the other at his knee. The composition, while kept technically flat and simple, is yet worked out in moderately high relief. At one side is the inscription in low relief following a shield:

Of all things officers of the army should keep on good terms with themselves, entering all the obligations of life advisedly and discreetly, cultivating the habits of the simple life, holding aloof from all avarice and selfishness. H. C. C.

The whole is framed in a conventional border.

Miss Longman expects to leave for Europe after the completion of the memorial, spending a long summer in Paris.

William T. Smedley is painting a portrait of F. Augustus Schermerhorn. The portrait is to be presented to the trustees of a New York institution with which Mr. Schermerhorn has been long and prominently identified. Mr. Schermerhorn is portrayed standing and in full face view and Mr. Smedley has caught him in a genial and vigorous expression. He could scarcely look happier if on his yacht bound for his Gardiner's Island shooting preserve, although he is presented in the more rigid aspect of city apparel.

The portrait of "The Optimist" by Mr. Smedley, which is reproduced on this page, embodies an interesting character and a no less interesting story. The picture was seen and talked of by many persons at the Academy exhibition, but few knew the incidents attaching to it.

The prosperous looking, jovial gentleman of the picture, who appears as though he might just have come uptown from his Wall street office, is a model known to a number of the studios of New York; that is to say, he is a model when he is not too busy with some other line of activity which interests him, and he has a personality very different from that of some of the models of whom one reads or whom one sees pictured.

Sorrow and he are strangers, or he has sadness under his heel. With plenty of money or with none at all, he is happy all the time. Not only mirthful himself, he is the cause of joy and relaxation in others. Nothing fazes him. He has been in many kinds of business and has travelled all over the country and in parts of Europe.

At present he is back in Wall Street again. Last summer he was an inside announcer in one of the barking shows at Coney Island. He is full of experience and the world can't trouble him because of his constantly cheerful disposition, which led Mr. Smedley to entitle this painting for which he posed "The Optimist."

The artists for whom he poses have no dull moment when he is present, and if he were not "The Optimist" he might be called "The Brook," for he babbles merrily from his inexhaustible fund of experience and humor from the time he enters the studio, except when the actual pose is on. When that time comes, being an accomplished model, among his other employments, he subsides into silence, but his features do not lose animation. As he put it at this moment in one of the Fifty-seventh street studios:

"Now I must put on my muzzle."

As the time came for a rest the "muzzle" vanished as by a rub of the magic ring, and Col. Moore, as he may be called, resumed cheerfully:

"When I was selling canaries——!"

"What was that!" exclaimed the painter, coming out of his absorption and study of his canvas in surprise and involuntary attention. "Do you mean to say that you have sold canaries?"

"Why yes, of course," quoth Col. Moore. "I got broke down in Pittsburg and there was a fellow there who wanted to leave town unhampered and he had a lot of canaries that he offered me for a dollar.

"I saw that they were a good wood and borrowed the dollar and bought them. Then I went out in the street and hawked them at half the market price in the shopping district the last one I raffled off—and made my fare to Cincinnati.

"I enjoyed it too. A woman came along, fancied one of the birds and asked if I would guarantee that it would sing.

"'Of course I will, madam,' said I. 'I'm going to leave town to-morrow morning and I can safely guarantee it.'

"She bought the canary and I left town early next day. It was nearly a year afterward that I struck Pittsburg again in other business, and the same lady saw me on the street one day and stopped. I stopped and waited for what was coming.

"'Why, you're the man who sold me the canary last year,' she said.

"'I said yes and asked: 'Did he sing?'

"'Of course he sang,' she answered; 'I was so sorry when the cat got him.'

"You see, don't you, that I was perfectly right in guaranteeing the bird, thereby pleasing the lady and helping myself?"

Col. Moore tells the artists that New York is the place for the man hard up, as there is no trouble at all in getting money here. He told of a man he had met who found it so easy to get contributions "to aid the homeless," in Madison Square one evening when he was short, that he continued "aiding the homeless" there for many nights with excellent success. This city has its drawbacks, however, if a man has not been careful in the choice of his hotel, the Colonel remarked, continuing:

"There I was once down at one of the Mills hotels, and first I was enjoying it till I found out that the worst thing about it there is that if a fellow makes a quarter some one's sure to touch him for it.

"I had provided myself with a meal ticket one time, a man came along and asked me to stake him to a meal, and I had it punched for him at the dining room door, and next I knew I was touched for the rest of the ticket."

London, on the other hand, is not a hospitable city if anybody happens to be temporarily out of funds, Col. Moore says.

"Why, they won't give you a match there," he said as he chatted on, "and as everybody there smokes a pipe there aren't any cigar stubs in the streets.

"The jolliest sight I saw in London one day was the act of an American newsboy who had somehow or other strayed over there. An American had tossed down a cigar that was neary whole, but it had gone out.

"The newsboy seized it and walking into a cigar store just at hand—it was in the Strand—he asked the man behind the counter for a match. You know they don't keep lights in the cigar stores there as they do here and in Paris. Said the man tending the counter, with what they call English dignity:

"'We sell matches here, with an unmistakable emphasis on the sell.

"Well, it delighted me to see that youngster dig down in his pocket, pull up a penny and buy a box of matches. He took out one and lighted his cigar. Then he closed the box, handed it back to the storekeeper and remarked:

"'Here, mister, keep these and when any gentleman asks you for a match give him one of mine.'"

The versatile Colonel, who at the time was in business in the West, found himself one day in a small town not a thousand miles from Milwaukee where there was a travelling theatrical company which was in great distress, and the Colonel had another interesting experience that he has related to some of the painters. The theatrical company was billed to present the play "Peck's Bad Boy" and its distress was due to the fact that the actor who was to play the part of the bad boy's dad had decamped and no one could be found to replace him in the cast.

Col. Moore heard of the difficulty and, as in his optimistic philosophy he knows no difficulties or recognizes none, he bade the anxious ones be easy. Would he play the part of *Peck?* he was asked. Of course he would, cheerfully.

Evening came, the play was produced, and after the last curtain had dropped the Colonel received word in the dressing room that somebody wanted to see him. It happened that the original young person who had inspired the "Peck's Bad Boy" papers, on which the play was founded, was in that same town that evening and had gone to the theatre. He was so taken with the personator of his dad that he wanted to meet him, and when his card came in the Colonel received him.

"You looked so much like father," said the young man in greeting the actor enthusiastically, "that I thought at first you were he."

And that evening there was a celebration by the original bad boy and his not less original new found dad that made them good friends.

"Paid six hundred for this suit," said the Colonel briskly as he entered a studio one day. "How do you like it? Six hundred cents of course I mean.

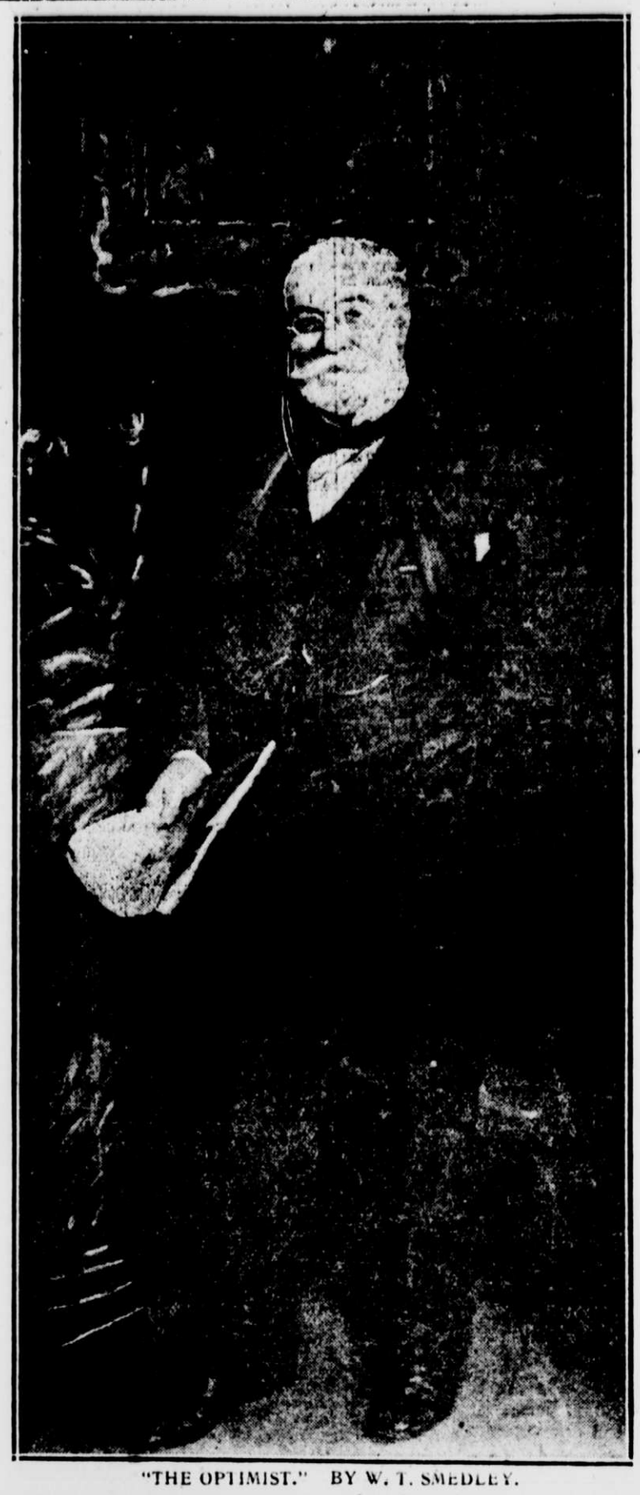
"You see, I know that all you painters want is effect—you do the rest, and I have so many suits to pose in that I always get the best like this. But I got stung once.

"An illustrator wanted me to pose for him and sent word for me to come in a dress suit, as that was what he wanted in his illustration. Mine wasn't here, so of course I went out and bought one. Paid seven hundred for it—cents. And then he only wanted me for a single pose, so I was out the seven hundred.

"But I'll use it another time and make good," he adds cheerfully.

"There was only one name for this picture," said Mr. Smedley, indicating the one he is reproduced, "The Optimist."

And so nobody is surprised that the optimist is in Wall Street, where may his shadow never grow less.



"THE OPTIMIST." BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

A WOMAN OF THE EAST.
By Homer Boss.
In the exhibition of twelve Independent Painters which opened to the public to-day at the rooms of the Society of Beaux Arts Architects.

The exhibition of the Twelve Independent Artists at the rooms of the Beaux-Arts Architects Society in East Thirty-third street attracts the thoughtful as well as the curious. On Monday, the first secular day of the show, the exhibitors were pleased to see members of the National Academy of Design among the attendance, and to see also Director Edward Robinson and Curators Valentiner and Bryson Burroughs of the Metropolitan Museum of Art examining the exhibits.

There is to be a lecture in the Vanderbilt gallery of the Fine Arts Building on Tuesday evening, arranged by the Architectural League, on "The American Academy in Rome." The lecturer is to be Frank Miles Day and the lecture will be illustrated. The American Academy in Rome is receiving more than the usual attention just now, when the American School of Classical Studies becomes a part of it and the Villa Aurelia has been bequeathed to it as a permanent home.

"The competitions for its fellowships," says the lecture announcement, "are undertaken with the utmost keenness. Admirable work is being done by its former students and generous support has been given it by men of wealth and culture."

The illustrations of the lecture will include the villas of the academy, the work of its fellows as students and in practice, and the panorama of Rome from the Villa Aurelia. The lecture begins at 8:30.

J. Carroll Beckwith in Rome entertained Harrison Morris, the American Commissioner for the Rome Exhibition, which has just opened, recently at a luncheon at which, among the other guests, were Elihu Vedder, Charles S. Wilson, secretary of the American Embassy; the Rev. Walter Lawrie, rector of the American church, and Maj. J. F. Reynolds Landis, United States Military Attaché.

The Lotos Club opened last evening an exhibition of paintings by living American artists which will continue for the usual short period.

Charles P. Gruppe's exhibition of sketches and studies of different periods in Holland at the Salmagundi Club continues through to-day.

The Art Students League has been holding during the week an exhibition of work done by students of the league's summer school of landscape painting at Woodstock, N. Y.

An exhibition of works by Walter Kuhn was opened at the Madison Gallery yesterday, and an exhibition of Jo Davidson's sculptures opens on Wednesday at Glaenzer's.

Hollart Nichols will have an exhibition in connection with Paul Cornover at Katz's, beginning April 10.

The directors of the Albright Gallery at Buffalo gave a reception on Tuesday evening in connection with the opening of an exhibition of Prince Paul Troubetzkoy's sculptures.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has just published a catalogue of its collection of pottery, porcelain and faience which has been carefully prepared by Garrett Chatfield Pier, assistant curator of the department of decorative arts. The catalogue does not include the Morgan collection of Chinese porcelains, which has its own separate catalogue, a further volume of which is in preparation for Mr. Morgan covering the porcelains he has acquired since the first volume was issued.

The new catalogue prepared by Mr. Pier runs to 2,850 numbers, occupying 425 pages, and the museum has printed 1,000 copies of it illustrated. A bibliography is included and the cataloguer is glad to say that all of the works mentioned therein are to be found in the museum library.

In his introduction, in which he sketches very briefly an outline of the history of the extensive subject of pottery and porcelain and faience in Africa, Asia and Europe, Mr. Pier says, speaking directly of the exhibitions in the museum:

"The Metropolitan Museum is rich in the wares of the Oriental ceramist. The purchase of the Avery and Colman collections, the gift of a well chosen collection of Japanese pottery and porcelain by the late Charles Stewart Smith, the small but choice collection in the Edward C. Moore room, another valuable gift; the loan collection of Japanese pottery and porcelain belonging to V. Everit Macy, and last but far from least the unrivalled collection of Chinese pottery and porcelain loaned by the president of the museum, J. Pierpont Morgan, form a collection in its entirety most significant of the refined taste and extraordinary skill possessed by the potters of the far East."

Mr. Pier remarks that on the other hand, however, the museum is weak in examples of the productions of the European potters and those of the near East.

In making up this catalogue Mr. Pier says that in so far as practicable the arrangement followed has been chronological, beginning with the ceramic productions of the Far East, as is fitting; but he points out that the introduction of certain collections, such as the Moore bequest and the Smith gift, which it has been endeavored to keep as far as possible distinct, has somewhat broken the continuity which was aimed at. He first deals with China, as represented in examples as early as the Han period and as late as 1850, with many of the intervening reigns, then goes through with Japan, passing afterward to Egypt and the countries of the Near East, and finally to Europe and England. He says further:

"The arrangement of the objects themselves requires a word of explanation. Instead of a 'ceramic gallery' the major part of the collections will now be found in rooms or sections devoted to other objects of like provenance and epoch. And since lack of space forbids the exhibition of the entire ceramic collection it is intended to change the objects from time to time."

THE FAKIRS' PAGEANT.

Annual Show Will Open on Tuesday Night With a Host of Attractions.

"One of the world's most grotesque pageants of unique vivacity ever produced under one roof will be presented in Alladin's Palace of Pomposo," say the Big Twenty Fakirs, who will give their twentieth annual show at the Arts Students League from April 4 to 6.

This year the Fakirs style their show a "Turkish Trophy," with the admonition to "be self-possessed when most impressed and you'll enjoy the Fakirs' jest." Twenty-three acts and more than a score of stars and staresses are announced on the bill, including the harem skirt dance, La Bella Alla, Beezie, the snake catcher, and Souseoozie, the human Peruvian safety match, and Harem-Scarem Sall. An added attraction will be a host of hazardous Hindu herbivora direct from the Hippodrome of Himalyi and a bevy of Scorem dorem damsels.

There will be a Turkish booth and a Turkish tea room, decorated with Turkish rugs by a real Turk, Tashjian, and Turkish damsels will perambulate through the halls of the league with baskets of bonbons, perfumes and other things.

There will be a boxing skit entitled "The White Man's Hope," in which the students will participate, and burlesques will be given of "The Pink Lady," and there will also be an imitation of the Mexican insurrection. Prizes of $50 for the best fakes have been offered by Samuel T. Shaw, the Fakir's friend, and the Fakirs will give $25 in prizes for the best poster fakes designed by members of the league. For the worst fake Miss Zella Milhaus will give a prize of $5. The Fakirs' band of store musicians will play before and during the show, and there will be additional music to lure visitors to the side show. Of course the National Academy exhibition will be lampooned and many pictures will be burlesqued in the Fakirs' show.

The show will open on Tuesday night and the auction of fakes will take place on Thursday night. Cecil Chichester will be auctioneer. Lionel Straus, who has conducted previous Fake shows to success, is president of the Fakirs Society and W. F. Bradley and R. K. Russell are vice-presidents. Carl Hobby and Maud Nathan are secretaries and Frank Chase is treasurer.

The Fakirs' posters hung in the halls of the league proclaim the twentieth annual anniversary of the society in various colors. The official Fakir stamp represents a Fakir stamping his foot on a prostrate National Academician.

Not So Easy as It Seemed.

From Data Each Has All.

Twelve persons decided to lunch together every day and agreed not to sit twice in the same order. One of the number, a mathematician, surprised his associates by informing them that their decision meant that one and one-third million years must elapse before they would again be seated in the original order.

Two men can sit together only in two different ways, three in six ways, four in twenty-four, five in 120, six in 720, seven in 5,040, eight in 40,320, nine in 362,888, ten in 2,928,800, eleven in 39,916,800 and twelve in 479,100,000.